I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
*Mont.* And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
*Yorke.* What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
*Norf.* Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
*Rich.* Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
*War.* And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
*York.* Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
*Norf.* Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
*York.* Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
*War.* And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
*Rich.* Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
*War.* The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
*Yorke.* Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
*War.* Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
*Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.*

*King.*



*King.* Looke Lordings where the ſturdy Rebell ſits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that falſe Peere)
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father,
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his ſonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.
*North.* And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.
*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in ſteele.
*Weſt.* What? ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot ſpeake.
*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of *Weſtmerland*.
*Clif.* Patience is for Pultroones, ſuch as he;
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs aſſaile the family of Yorke.
*North.* Well haſt thou ſpoken Coſen, be it ſo.
*King.* O know you not the Citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of ſouldiers at their becke.
*Exet.* But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'l quickly flye.
*King.* Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,
To make a ſhambles of the Parlament houſe:
Coſen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke, deſcend my Throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
*Yorke.* Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.
*Exet.* For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
*Yorke.* Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.
*Exet.* Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
*War.* Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping Henry.
*Clif.* Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall King.
*War.* True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.
*King.* And ſhall I ſtand while thou ſitſt in my Throne?
*Yorke.* Content thy ſelfe, it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
*War.* Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.